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overall

THERE IS A SMELL OF

FRIED ONIONS

ISSUE 9 • DEC 91 / JAN 92

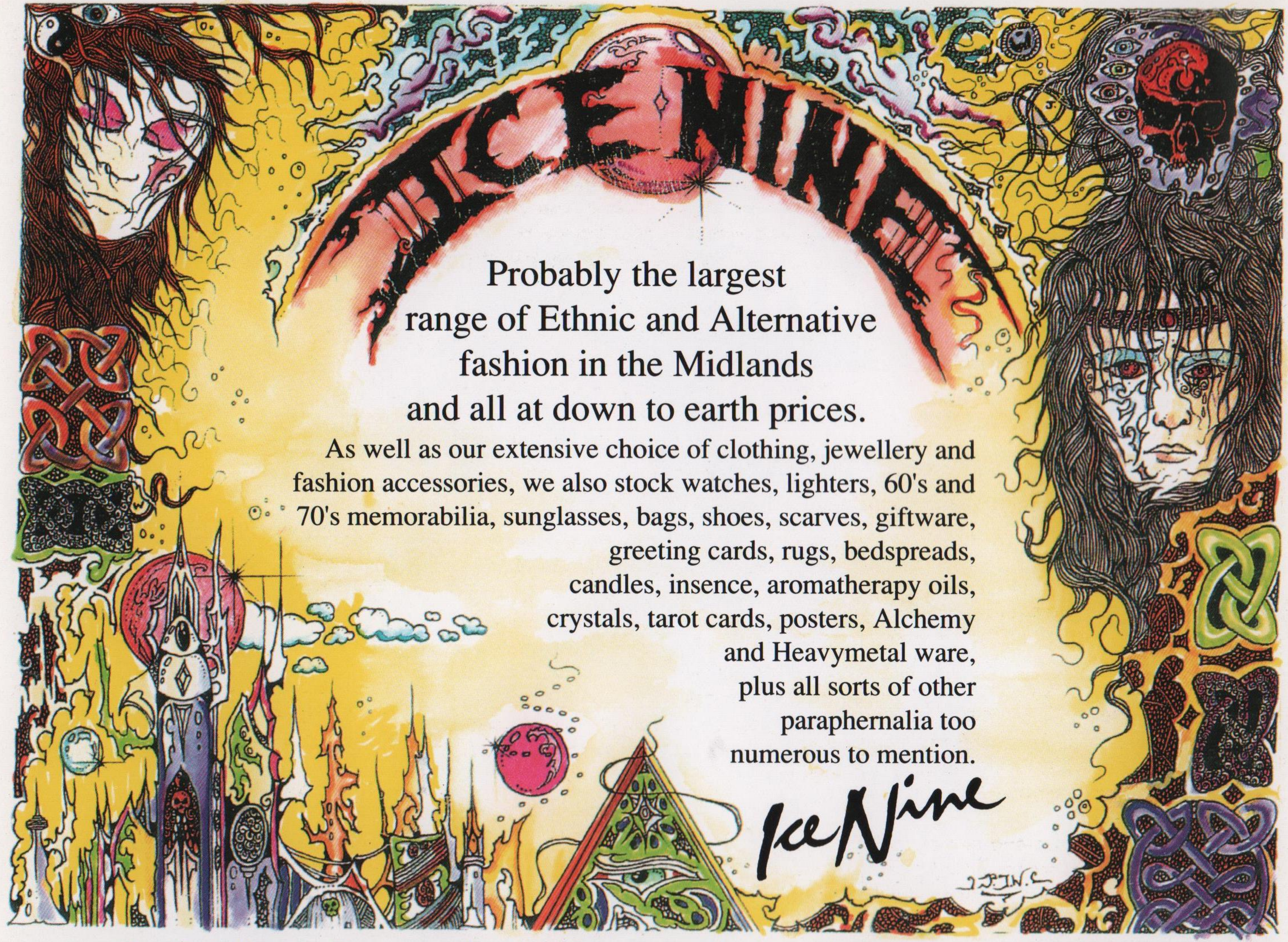
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THAT FUNKY JAZZ THANG

Wherever you spend your time in this city there is every chance that by now you have begun to recognise that something is coming together musically. All cities throw up hundreds of bands year in and year out, but from time to time they arrive at the same point at the same time. They all come from different origins but all of a sudden they are headed in the same direction.

That is the position in Nottingham now. As other cities continue to look further and further into the techno-rave black hole, Nottingham is dancing to a new groove. Let's face it, anything that can create queues to get into The Hearty must be more than just a fad. What's happening is *happening* and people are starting to take notice. Folk from outside Nottingham are startled but impressed by what they see and hear. Nottingham, for once, knows about something first.

For more info on the up-and-comingest local bands see pages six and seven. For the live experience come along to the Overall Party at Bobby Browns on the 27th, especially designed to liven up that boring time between Christmas and New Year; a time to sweat off the excess calories. See the inside back cover for details.

This issue of Overall covers the whole of the Christmas and New Year period. In January we will produce an update issue to run from the 10th and then we will be back to full scale for February. Have a happy festive period. See you at the party.

THE UNSUNG HERO OF CREATIVITY

What do the following all have in common? The Rock and Reggae Festival, APNA, Asian Arts Festival, this magazine, DiY, The Happy Sundays, Wholesome Fish, Nottingham Creates, DJ Pablo, The Swinging Affair, CIA Comic, Art to Art, Nottingham Youth Arts and Artlinks? Answer: They are all using or have in the past used the facilities at the Nottingham Community Arts Centre. A humble, if not shabby looking converted turkish bath on Gregory Boulevard, Hyson Green.

A thriving nucleus of space, full of people using the many facilities; typewriters, photocopier, darkrooms and camera gear, screen printer (make your own T-shirts!), sewing machines, offset printers,

telephones and a respected mailing address. Basically, everything a band, theatre group, promotor, sound system, photographer, magazine or artist will ever need! Alright, maybe not everything - but at least you get the gist.

The NCAC was established in 1979 to serve the growing number of people who needed "somewhere to do something". Within a very short time, the centre evolved into a catalyst and laid the foundations for the creativity that now bubbles in this fair city.

Run by a voluntary management Committee who employ skilled, dedicated workers, the NCAC also runs ArtLinks, a mixed media workshop for people with learning difficulties - with the results regularly on display, an exhibition space for painters, sculptors or photographers and regular runs courses in screen printing, photography and developing.

Home of Nottingham's famous CIA comic for the last three years; Ian - the happy-go-lucky editor of the mag was in a literary mood: "CIA wouldn't be in existence if it weren't for the generous and cornucopic support from the NCAC". (Turns out he's been waiting 3 months to use that word!).

Back in the early days when OVERALL was a mere shallot, a thousand sheets of A3 paper, a stapler and a pickled salesman, the NCAC was there again. Paul, the initiator of the magazine you now read avidly every month, takes his hat off to the place. "The Arts Centre is the fertile ground from which many seeds of creativity have sprouted. I spent many a useful afternoon in the darkroom with the Strip Printer. Without such a facility, many of the city's bands, promoters, artists and performers would have been ripped off by the commercially based promotion shops. The NCAC is the dog's bollocks when you've got an idea you can't afford."

"We exist to promote creative work by individuals and groups from the diverse communities in the city", explains Diane, the Exhibition and Outreach worker. "This place is for the community".

The Nottingham COMMUNITY Arts Centre, is as it is written, for the COMMUNITY, that little thing the Witch of Grantham tried to ignore. The Centre is living proof of what art and the community can do together. USE IT, IT'S YOURS. Pop down

for a chat, a cuppa and see what's on offer.

NCAC - 39 Gregory Boulevard, Hyson Green, Nottingham. Tel. 0602 782436.

ULTRAVIOLENCE UPDATE

THE ULTRAVIOLENCE GUIDE TO MAKING A RECORD.

1. Be born in Spalding in 1970 and call yourself Jonathan.
2. Spend your schooldays sniggering at the back of the class, rather like Muttley from the Wacky Races and get banned from the music room for an unserious attitude.
3. Buy a drum machine and play with it obsessively, ensuring failure of all your exams, leading to
4. Unemployment.
5. Form a Goth-Techno band called 'Down in Flames', and play in places like The Kool Kat and Yates's, from where you will later be banned.
6. Argue a lot and split up.
7. Spend 25 hours a day writing hardcore techno music with inspiration from Wagner, The Sisters of Mercy and your increasing insomnia.
8. Write an especially spirited piece at 2am in November 1990 and call it "SHOUT!" then litter it with Lulu samples and obscene language.
9. Go to the Square Dance studios the day the Gulf war starts and record "SHOUT!"
10. Do nothing except be screwed around by record companies for ten months.
11. Phone up a pressing company and get a quote for making 500 white label 12" singles.
12. Get a nice big bank loan.
13. Press "SHOUT!" and sell it to distributors and shops in Nottingham such as Arcade and Selectadisc.
14. Spend 1992 amassing fame and fortune.
15. Shoot yourself in the head.

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POINT

YOUNG DUMB & FULL OF COME

Gee. The F.B.I. must be a really cool bunch of people. I mean, first there's Jodie Foster in *The Silence of the Lambs*, who, in a series of neat suits single-handedly tracks down a serial killer. And now there's Keanu Reeves in *Point Break*, riding the waves and the babes - and all in the line of duty. Have I uncovered some covert recruitment guide for the F.B.I. here?

But just before you sign up to meet those Jodie and Keanu look-alikes no doubt swarming around Quantico*, hang on a minute. If the F.B.I. are so smart, then why do they go around in sweatshirts with F.B.I. printed on them. There meant to be the American *secret service* for Christ's sake. I mean how do they stay under cover? Does the F.B.I. logo flip to 'Reebok'? And anyway, doesn't F.B.I. actually stand for ultra right-wing storm troopers who assassinate democratically elected Presidents?

Should these people really be the *heroes* of our films?

Sorry Keanu, 10 out of 10 for cuteness, 0 out of 10 for ideology. 'Nil Point' so far for *Point Break*.

So what is beyond the unmemorable title. Well on the pink surfboard we have F.B.I. rookie and virgin surfer Keanu Reeves ("young, dumb and full of come). And on the black surfboard we have bank robber and mystic master of the waves Patrick Swayze (long-haired, fit and full of shit).

It's the old story...Boy meets boy...they fall...off their surfboards. They bond. They try to kill each other

Boys, if you have a fertility problem, go and see this film. I swear the air was so thick with testosterone I went in a soprano and came out a tenor. I now have hair in places I never knew I had.

And that's not knocking it (entirely). The action is truly sensational. You can't sleep

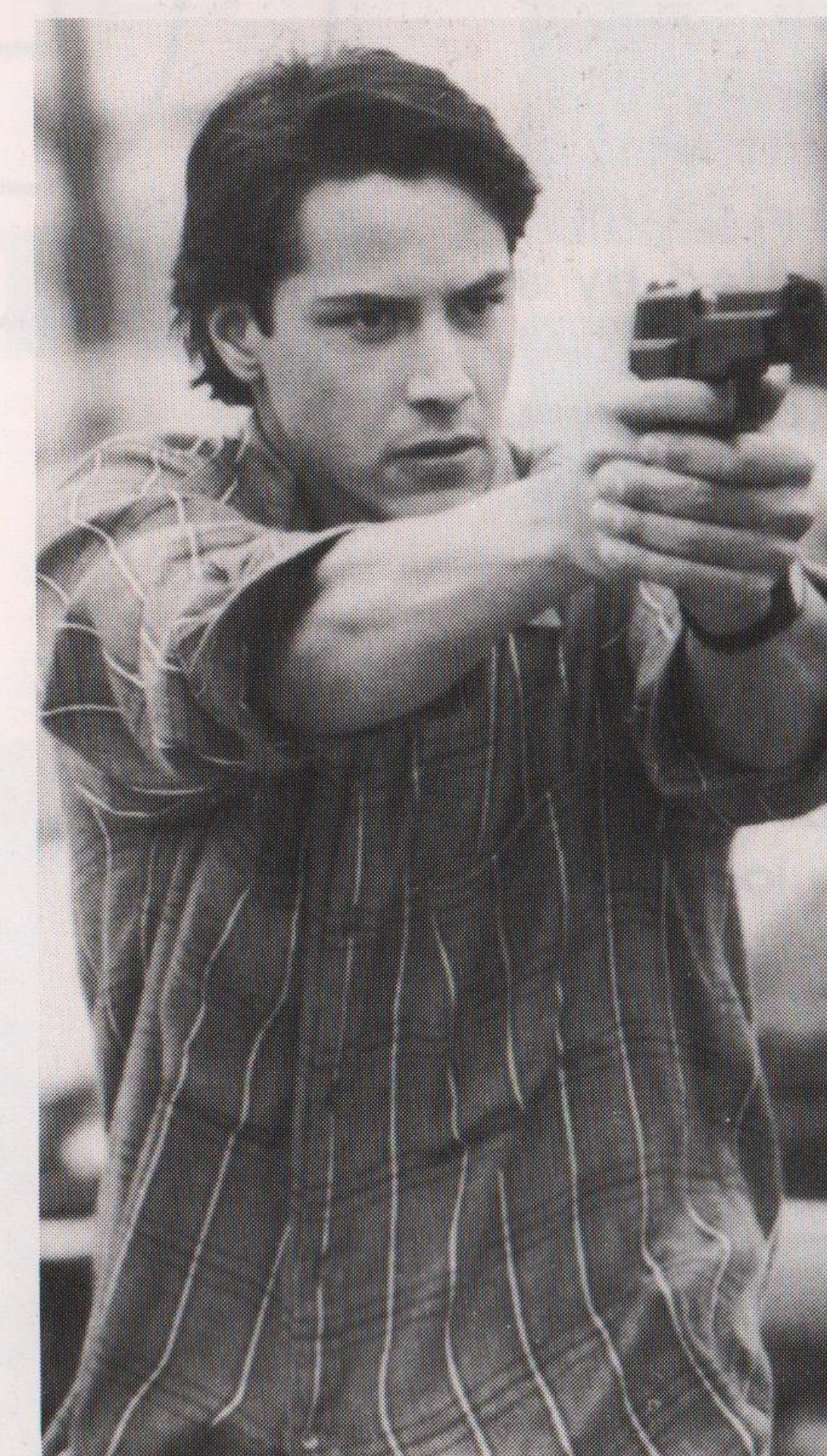


Photo: Richard Foreman

through the kind of movie that slings a dog at the camera to simulate an attack. Or, when the characters are bored of throwing themselves at the sea they throw themselves out of planes instead. But it's only when shown from the subversive surfers angle - *MYSTIC SURFERS ROB BANKS WEARING SPITTING IMAGE MASKS* - that we really have a movie. And that sadly comes and goes with the tide.

But if you're looking for a larger than life U.S. of A. 'movie' then you get it. We may scoff at America's crass treatment of European films (can you believe they're doing a version of *Cinema Paradiso* with Bruce Willis as the projectionist?) - but imagine a British version of *Point Break* (Paul McGann joins the SAS and is sent to infiltrate a gang of joyriding muggers in Tyneside) and see how impressive the sheer crazy audacity of such a film is.

* The F.B.I. Academy - you weren't paying attention in *The Silence of the Lambs* were you?

Caroline Hennigan

TETSUO

(THE IRON MAN)

OFF BROADWAY

My first visit to Off Broadway. Not a bad place unless someone sits in front of you, then you have to lean sideways to see the screen.

Remember double bills and support films? 'Rabid' and 'Shivers' together? 'Snow White' and a travelogue of East Grinstead, 'Massage Girls in Bangkok' and 'Confessions of an OAP Sock Sniffer'? Those nostalgic folk who run 'Off Broadway' obviously do, as first up we get a gruesome little gem called 'Red and Rosy', about a drag racer who becomes addicted to adrenalin and needs to regularly commit murder to satisfy his need for a blood fix. It's a semi (very!) professional film with hilariously amateurish performances, the 'actors' obviously having difficulty with dialogue and keeping straight faces, spliced together with stock footage. All this and a groovy soundtrack of 60's garage/punk.

'Tetsuo' is a Japanese film about a Peter Murphy/Yellow Magic Orchestra lookalike, who gets run over by a nerdy Nipponese version of David Byrne. The first guy however is not killed but repairs himself, David Cronenberg style, with metal, a really good excuse for some gross eye-popping FX. He's out for blood, but little does he know that Four Eyes is gradually mutating into a Metal Man as well. After some wild scenes involving Specky's girlfriend and a powerdrill willy ('Suck my sewage pipe' or something similar screamed the subtitles) our two leaden leviathans meet up, have a scrap (ouch! Sorry about that), and merge together to take over the world. Phew! now that's what I call a plot! This film really is very funny, there's loads of sick gore effects. Some effective animated mutating and a great deal of speeded-up rushing about like 'Koyaanisqatsi' meets Benny Hill. In fact the film comes over as a cross between 'Eraserhead', 'Hardware' and an episode of 'The Goodies'. Only the Japanese could create anything like this. Godzilla eat your heart out!

Mr Jones

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BREAK

Imagine yourself, three years ago; bored by the live music scene you go to your first acid house/warehouse party. It's the first summer of love, you drop some E, take a trip, embrace what's to become known as 'rave culture' and reject all ego-based live band record companies. You've found a spirit, an energy and you're in love. Three blissed out years later and you emerge from a haze of hedonistic pleasure, and as the mists of enjoyment clear away, reality stares you in the face. You've come down. You feel engulfed by a relentless bass heavy assault, you are surrounded by lads in shirts, ties and baseball caps blowing whistles, shouting "I'm sorted" at the top of their lager drenched voices. You look across the dancefloor and you see your fourteen year old sister E'd up to her eyeballs; her fifteen year old boyfriend grinning like a V.W. Beetle thrusts a flyer for a rave he's organizing into your hand. Suddenly cold fear descends, panic attack ... you look down and realise you are dancing on a carcass. Of course, many people know what I'm saying, and we're all wondering what will be next.

Imagine you've escaped that teenybop rave from hell and you stumble upon a pub. Sick to the rotted back teeth of Lucozade you buy a pint of bitter and settle back to reflect when you notice an old friend you used to go clubbing with. He drags you upstairs to see that lowest of low ... a live band.

No prizes for anyone who's guessed I'm talking about myself. The band? Dr Egg and the Love Specialists. I was amazed, enthralled and elated at the same time. They were groovy, funky, smiling, buzzing people ... and that was just the audience! I had a feeling which took me back to those halcyon days of the long lost illegal warehouse party. Sure nothing about this was illegal but it might as well have been because someone was passing some kind of bliss among the crowd, some kind of orgasmic vibe. I felt alive again. Existing with people, not off in my own world but sharing with anyone who understood. This event made me want to find out more. What I found I couldn't believe: A vibrant funk based sound was being purveyed by a number of Nottingham's clubbers in a collection of outrageously good bands.

Which brings me to this list. It's a collection of discoveries which I hope you'll find useful. It may not be the 'next big thing', but it's a real breath of fresh air. The Nottingham funk thing ... the scene which probably doesn't even realise it exists! Here collected in alphabetical order:

Groove is in the heart

CRUNCHBIRD: Perhaps epitomising one of the most exciting aspects of what's going on in the fact that their music is a collection of styles drawing inspiration from sources as diverse as Parliament and NoMeansNo. They call their style 'Funk-core-Delia', which may be a little tongue-in-cheek but is an accurate description. They work as a collective incorporating DJ's, Ragga MC's, rappers, artists, producers and even a street-ware company. Don't let their long hair fool you, they're funky as hell and well in your face.

DR EGG & THE LOVE SPECIALISTS: To many Dr Egg are the originals. They've grown in sound and stature from a jamming collaboration to a slick soul, acid-jazz funk outfit who are a leading force in the Notts post-club thing. Their stage show has incorporated fire eaters, jugglers and a giant chicken called Pete and they could give a lesson in marketing to Saatchi & Saatchi. As a band they convey a special charisma from their attention controlling drummer to the oddly distant guitarist.

SOLOMON: Coming from the rock end of the funk scene Solomon are Funkadelic meet Metallica at a Frank Zappa celebration. Cool, slick and frighteningly tight their stage show combines Prince's star appeal with over the top theatrics. Although they want to preside over their own court they do seem to lack a bit of that 'soul' ingredient.

STAK IT UP: This is what the word funk was invented for. And Jazz, and groove, and

swing, and everything that makes you feel good. Drawing on inspiration from Gil Scott-Heron to Brand New Heavies, Stack it Up play a blend of funky drums, dub bass and 'wah' guitar with a horn section James Brown would be proud of. Allegedly conceived in a coffee bar in Manhattan they are a solid groove with the added bonus of lyrics which display an acute awareness of the realities of life in the 90's.

VIBES: Drawing on soul, jazz, funk and even funk/rock the aptly named Vibes (Very Intense Beats Elevating Souls) are perhaps the youngest soul rebels. They describe themselves as 'Family Funk' who are 'spreading the vibes of integration' a sentiment shared by all these bands. Although they have gigged only a few times they have already caused such a stir that record companies can often be seen salivating in the front row. Theirs is a laid back vibe which sometimes kicks into upfront funk with awe-inspiring ease.

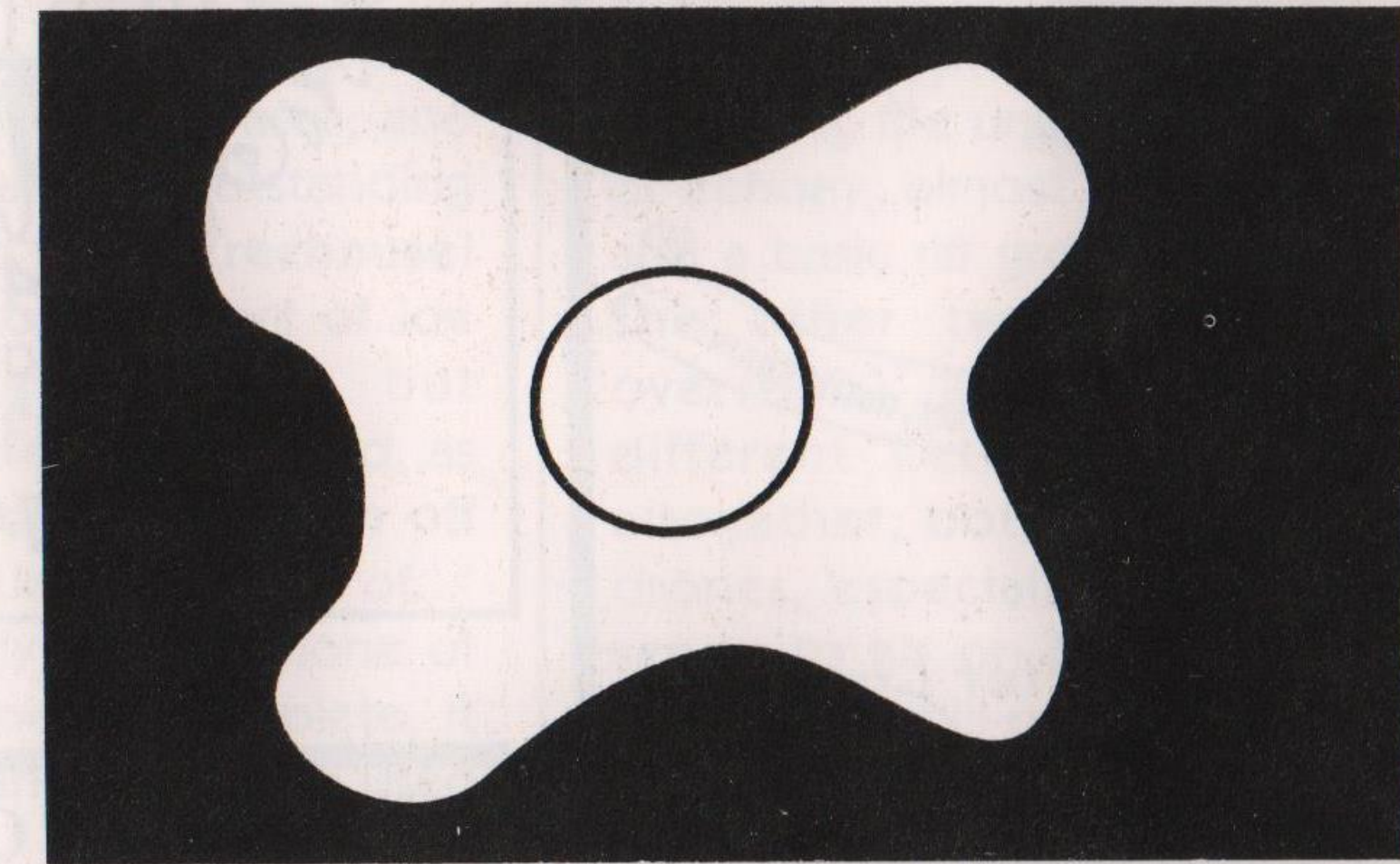
WEIRDBEARD: Producing high energy guitar funk which was described in a previous 'Overall' as a 'thundering groove'. Earlier teething troubles have now been ironed out leaving the band with the incredible ability to whip up an audience. Their gigs are whistle blowing, energetic affairs definitely not for the unfit. With a strain of humour running through their songs (was that really the 'Two Tribes' bass line I heard?) their love of the funk obviously runs deep. Anyone at the recent Hearty Goodfellow gig will know what I mean if I call their music "sweaty"!

So what happens from here? I don't know. What I do know is the sound is spreading with the recent arrival of Peg, The Outing and Buzzbug. Don't just disregard this thing as merely trendy. I may have been quick to say "live music is dead", but I can now point out that live music is back with a vengeance and these are groups that woke me up again!

James T. Kirk



crunchbird



dr. egg



stak it up



vibes



weirdbeard



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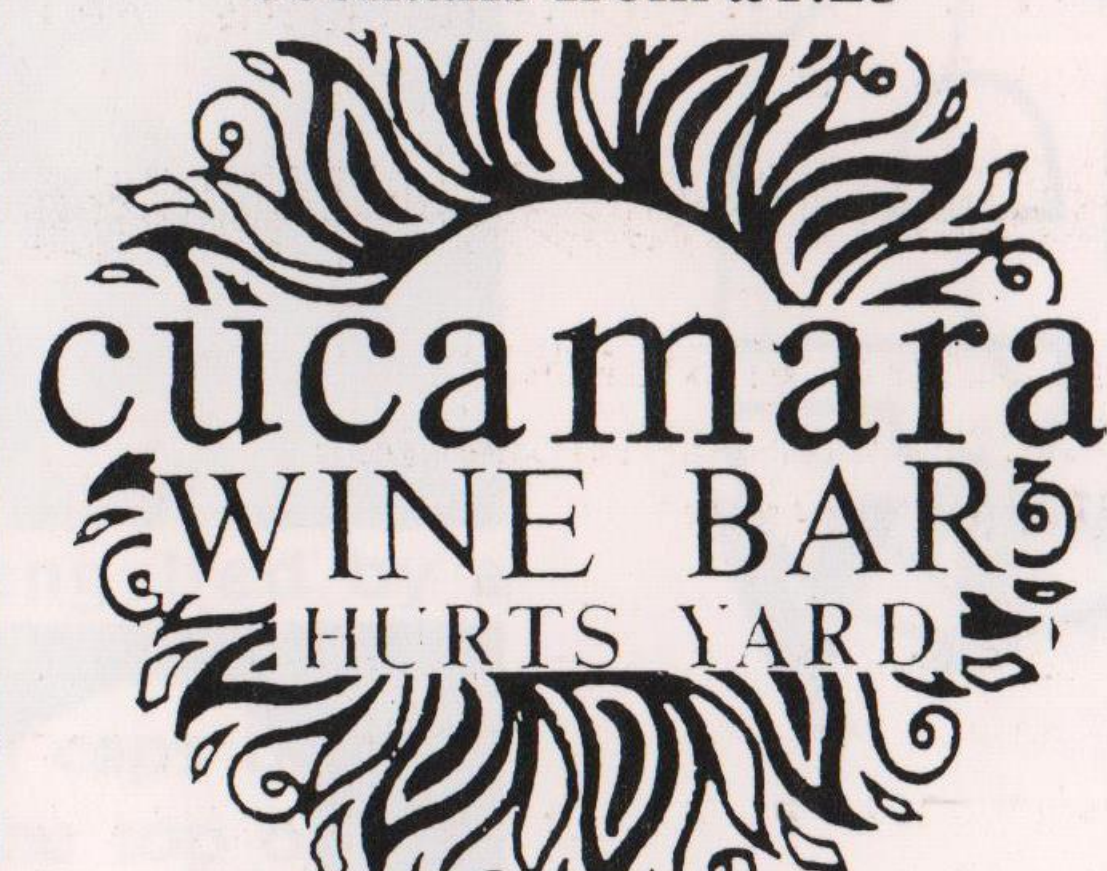
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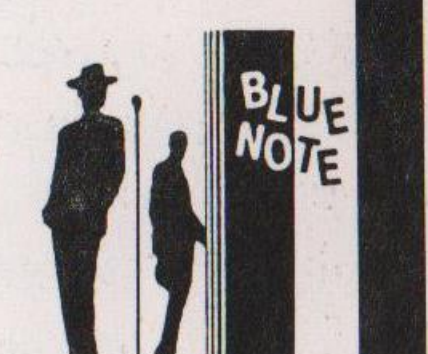
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A GLURK TROLLING

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One of Northampton's more popular
outfits and possibly the silliest though
they do have social conscience. A
varying line up, Glurk have been making
silly music in their bedrooms since 1981
but have only been gigging a few years.
Their last appearance featured the
drummer from Spiritualized. The only
band to get a zero rating in
'Underground'.

BUG: Demo

Fried Circuits indeed. Bug are one of the
most original bands out there and are
therefore not easy to listen to. They
have taken the 'indie' epithet and kicked
it around till it's crying out for a new
name. In the genuflected chaos of their
set, Bug seem to be drawing inspiration
from some private goddess who takes
over their hands and feet forcing them to
bend the structure of these songs into a
parallel universe of topsy turvy sound,
making a virtue of untogetherness.

THE DREGS

Insanity/Reality. Demo

What a beauty. Political parapunk
postcore power, soaring searing guitars,
blistering bellicose bass and belligerent
beats of blood. Lyrics cry the expression
of all the angry unmentionables in such
as 'Death Works Overtime', 'Psychiatric
Ward'. But that's not all. There's an
intelligence within the Dregs that
contains a melody and maintains the
message without wasting time. Mohican
Magoo music.

THE NEW CRANES

Big Bad World EP (Vinyl Urinyl)

This unsigned talent went so far as to
create a new record label to release
their fine songs. After a break from their
hectic summer schedule, Wolly & Co. are
back in live action and the strength of
these three numbers are well worth
checking out. 'West of City' proves a
talent for songwriting that shouldn't go
unnoticed. I don't know anything about
Ukrainian folk but judging from the

pronunciation of "city", "breezy" and
"easy", I'd say they're local lads. Nice
one, Woll-eh.

BLASTS & BURSTS

Compilation Cassette
(Bandwagon)

Featuring 26 unsigned young bands from
Mansfield and the surrounding area; and
who should come jumping outstanding
out three tracks into it but Treehouse!
Hi, there..... I'd like to hear more of Joe
Skitz's 'crazy' bleep number, but
Slaughterhouse 5 are in there poised, as
they say, till Crunchbird knock 'em off
balance with their 'United Sound of...'
which is appropriately titled as none of
the tracks on this tape are complete, it
being a sampler of bands who have used
Bandwagon's services.

Downfall pop up to liven things up a bit,
Frontier are well up too; Sonolepsy
sound weird and wonderful and
Bivouac's 'Me, Ted & Charles' leaves me
wanting to hear more. Should have gone
to see 'em when I had the chance. But
like Simien Jackal and Apocalypse Baby
they probably lack the teeth. Viscera
don't though.

THE DARKSIDE

Limited Edition 12"
(Situation Two)

Rugby's Darkside, containing Pete and
Rosco who used to be in a popular culty
psychedelic outfit in the late 1980's,
return, having shaken off comparisons
with THAT band for good. The Darkside
obviously have an affectionate obsession
for the 1960's, but that's OK by me.
'Always Pleasure' grinds along groovily on
a Pseudo Beatles rip off, but the meat (or
veg) course arrives in the shape of 'This
Mystic Morning' - naff title but a great
track. A sort of early Floyd with a slight
'now' shuffle beat, it builds up and
comes right down again. A piece of pure
psychedelia in fact - oh no, that word
again! Flip it over and we get 'Guitar
Voodoo' possibly my favourite
instrumental of all time plus a live version
of 'Sweet Vibrations'. Aw Shucks, I'll
come clean, I really do like this band.
Their music Shimmers.

MAIN

'Hydra' EP - Situation Two

Main is the creation of Robert Hampson,
otherwise known as Josh, mainman of
Loop. Could Loop be no more? I
dunno, but it sounds like they're alive
and kicking with the first song
'Flametracer' which could have been
lifted straight off 'A Gilded Eternity' the
last Loop album. This is a storming track
containing the unmistakable ingredients
of echoey, almost disembodied vocals
and a basic riff ground out ad infinitum.
The other two numbers 'Time is
over(dub)' and 'Suspension' are a
different kettle of effects pedals
altogether, both being semi-ambient
drones, especially 'Suspension' which
seems to go on for ever. This would
make good chill-out music. I'll have to try
it some time.

GASP

Demo

Starts with a superb sample,
"Syncopated, does that mean you play
that very fast music, jazz?" The song then
careers into a flowing groove with Doors-
like inflections and listed indie lifestyle
namecheck, Jesus Jones 'Real, Real, Real'
to Ecstasy. Elsewhere on the tape the
band delve into a sixties-soundalike
competition complete with Beach Boys
'Oohs and Aahs'. Bisto without the gravy.

SPACE RATS

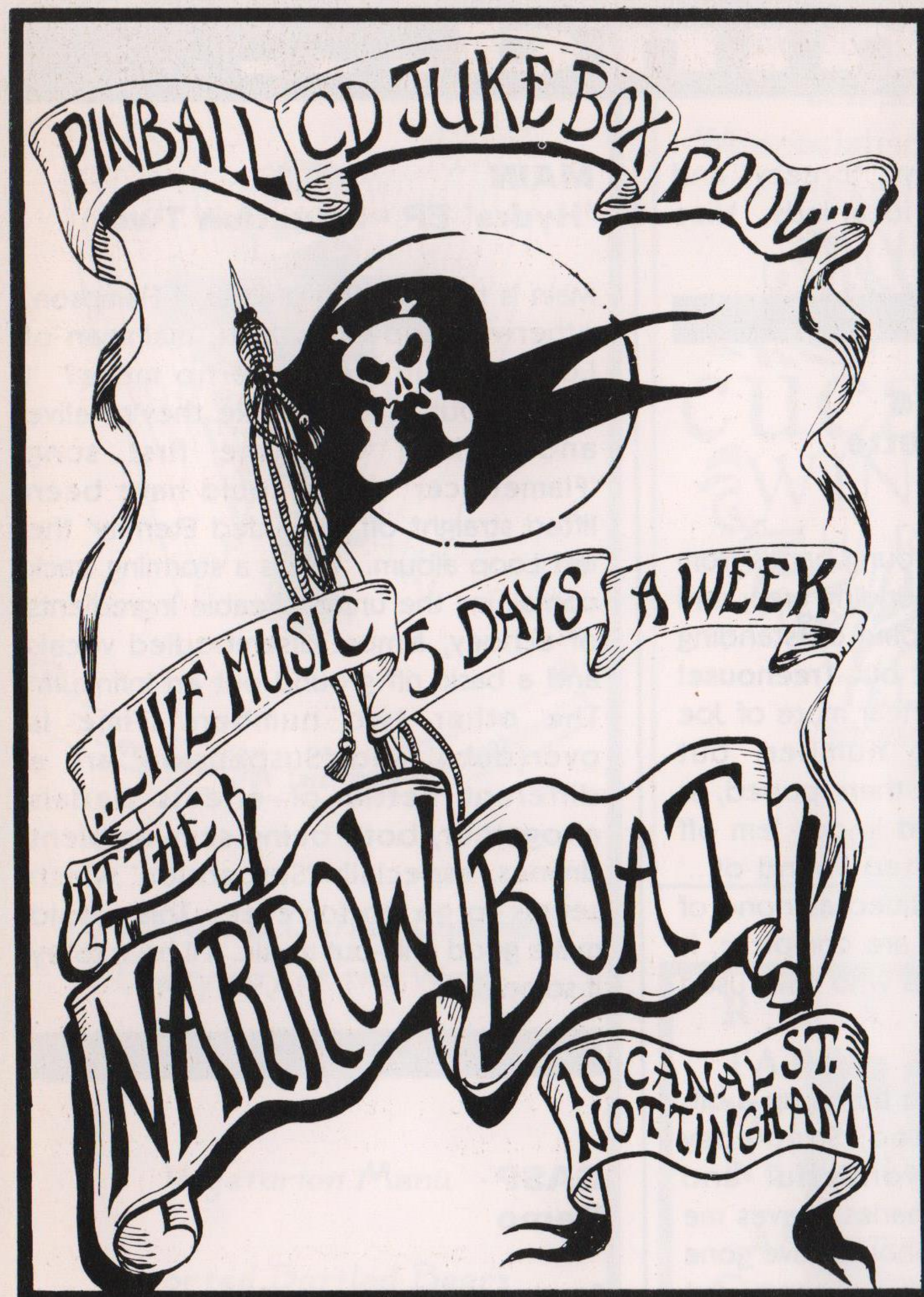
Essential Viewing EP

Nirvana in the charts, Ned's Atomic
Dustbin doing the business Stateside, the
time seems quite right for the Space Rats.
This tape pisses on their previous effort
from a great height. Heavy, hard and no
longer sounding like Wonderstuff
wannabees. Essential without hype.

Overall is published by Paul and
Stephen and designed by HOG with
able assistance from Andrea, Emma,
Martin, ORAC, Gordon and our
contributors.

Overall, PO Box 73, West PDO,
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0602 240351. Fax 0602 241268.

Cover photo : Jo Seally



CRUMBLIES OF THE WORLD UNITE

Being old fogeys - hell, two of us are *grandparents* - it's hard to know what to say in a listings mag. We're happier curling up with a good book and a cup of cocoa than going to a gig or a club, in fact some of us have never even been to either. But we do run the most interesting bookshop in town, and we do have a Xmas shop just down the road. So come to Mushroom, buy a couple of books, stock up on cocoa - you might even develop a taste for it - and ignore everything else in this mag. Like we do. Especially at Xmas.

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MGM Night Club-Dec 21

DERBY VENUES EXPOSED

The **Wherehouse** is Derby's newest and some say, most exciting venue. As the name suggests it is a converted warehouse with a nightclub/bar atmosphere. There is a purpose built stage and dancing space; and consists of two rooms with an overall capacity of 400. The brewery is Wards, with a selection of Carlsberg lagers. The doors open at 8.00 pm with the first act on at 9.00 pm and the main band at 10.00 pm. The Wherehouse runs normal licensing hours but is looking at nightclub status for the future. The main force behind the Wherehouse is Paul Needham who, after his arrival in Derby at the Lord Nelson public house, was soon putting on live bands 5-7 nights a week. But it was not nearly large enough for the bands with the status he was after - Enter The Wherehouse.

It opened with a burst in July this year, putting on a lot of name bands and subsequently alienated many of the local bands, thinking that perhaps the standard might be a little high for them. However over the last few months unsigned acts from the area have been getting the chance to support and headline themselves but only with a strict bums on seats policy. To redress this balance, the Battle of the Bands is starting up on Monday nights at the back end of January. It will consist of eleven heats, featuring 22 bands; although Paul warns that the standard for entry will be high as there is already a lot of Record Company interest in the event. Prizes hope to range from equipment to studio time; and the unenviable possibility of recording a single with Jason Donovan (I bet!)

After the Battle of the Bands Monday night will become a showcase for local talent and Paul is hoping to recapture some of the Monday night trade so heavily fought over by Derby's city centre landlords.

One of the newest developments at the Wherehouse is the once monthly 'Spirit of Seventy Six' night featuring bands from the punk era. The Vibrators kicked off the first night and since then The Lurkers and Splodgenessabounds have played. The U.K. Subs (the only band that anybody still gobs at!) are playing on Dec 10th. 999 are booked provisionally and The Anti-Nowhere League and Chelsea are being considered. Get out of the closet, get down to the Wherehouse and reminisce - Seventies style! Whatever your viewpoint: people, the music press and recording companies are becoming

To say that Derby is screaming out for decent live venues is not an understatement, but over the last eighteen months the situation has steadily improved.

increasingly interested in the Wherehouse as a respectable venue; and that can't be a bad thing.

In my quest for Derby venues I was surprised to find that **The Swamp Club**, which opened in June 1990, is in fact the number one 'happening place' for Cajun music in the country. Chris Hall and John Elliot have been organising Cajun events for nearly ten years, utilising quite a few Derby venues before settling at their present location opposite Derby Train Station. The capacity is 450 and consists of two rooms.

The informal atmosphere, the good stomping music, the wide range of American beers and real ales (sold at Social Club prices) and the authentic Cajun food, attracts people of all ages from all backgrounds.

The Swamp Club runs on the last Friday of every month and features the best in Cajun music from home and abroad; and although you can pay as you enter, it is a good idea to buy tickets as many people are regularly turned away.

Swamp 2 is a world music night on the second Friday of every month featuring African Blues, Latin, Country and Jazz. It is proving to be as equally popular as The Swamp Club night with people coming from all over the country to see bands in Derby.

Doors open at 8.00 pm and normally bands in the main room do two sets at 9.15 pm and 10.30 pm. There is music provided by the World disco and the bar closes at 11.30 pm.

A three day festival is planned for March 27th-29th featuring ten national Cajun bands including; R Cajun and the Zydeco Brothers (of course), The Crayfish Five, The Butter Mountain Boys, The Flappy Laces and The Bear Cat Cajun Playboys!

The Swamp Club are (ir)responsible for a free magazine, "The Cajun Users Manual" which gives you the rundown on the latest Cajun happenings and is available free on their mailing list. Ring (0332) 385064 or (0332) 32336. Tickets are available from Oasis and B.P.M. in Derby and Selectadisc Records in Nottingham.

The Flamingo and Firkin, Becket St, has a real 'spit and sawdust' atmosphere but is just as much a home to real ale drinkers as it is to the stripey shirts and Chinos brigade at the weekend. As such The Firkin is not really committed to live music

as their revenue comes mainly from weekend drinkers. They have two real ales brewed inhouse. Tom Becket at O.G.1043 and the infamous Dogbolter at a literally staggering 1056, as well as other beers and lagers.

Capacity is 400 and the stage is in a position that allows the audience (usually frightened) to hide nervously around the corner but the sound is generally good. There is a P.A. (100 wts) and a limited mixing desk but bands would be advised to make their own arrangements.

Band night is Tuesday and since the organisation of gigs has been taken over by Radio Derby DJ Mark Sheldon, the Firkin has become more ambitious, if not more successful, featuring mainly London bands. But as Mark explained to me: "Local bands are cheaper, less egotistical and bring more local following with them". So from now on East Midlands based outfits will get prominence but Mark hopes to generate enough interest to once again bring the bigger names to the venue.

The Dial, Willow Row, has an overtly student audience with band nights running from Sunday through to Wednesday - consisting of a mixture of big names and unsigned bands. However, when the students go, the gigs stop. The capacity is an awkward 300, depending on where the stage is located, but the atmosphere is always good.

Finally, **The Rockhouse**, Babbington Lane, has all but given up putting national/name bands on in their 350 capacity room which is a real shame as in the past some of the great names of Rock have played there. But as Paul Johnson, manager/owner, says:

"I would love to do what the Wherehouse is doing but I just cannot afford to put big bands on anymore". Local bands play about once a month but they have to hire the £80 room themselves and fork out for the P.A. although the lighting rig, complete with engineer, is supposed to be one of the best in the Midlands.

The Rockhouse has moved with the times and is open to all kinds of music and the indie scene is very well catered for. There is a great desire to get people back into live music and Paul believes that something is about to happen. If it does, The Rockhouse will be ready.

ORAC

sunday 1st

MOOSE	Derby, The Where House
SUGAR SHACK	Newark, The Navigation
ABK	Lunch. Running Horse
HARRY & THE CRABS	Eve. Running Horse
ROY HARPER	Leicester University.
JOHNY JOHNSON'S ALL STARS	Lunch Britannia Inn
JOHNNY JOHNSON QUINTET	Eve. Britannia Inn

monday 2nd

EGYPT	ex G.hogs/Budgie/Rusty Nuts Old Angel
CAJUN SAUVAGE	£2 Bobby Browns
HUGE BIG MASSIVE SCUM PUPS FROM 1932	Free The Wherehouse Hi, Midge
JAM SESSION	Full p.a. Running Horse
BONFIRE	£5 adv. Rock City

tuesday 3rd

BURLESQUE	Mansfield, Red Lion
NIRVANA	£6.50 adv. Rock City
NOSFERATU	Derby, Rockhouse
THE IRREGULARS	Running Horse
OBERON	The Yorker
SEVEN LITTLE SISTERS	Jacey's Bar
MUD SWEET	Glam Slam! £8.50 adv Black Orchid
THE FLYING LEATHERNECKS	Narrow Boat
MURRAY THOMSON	Britannia Inn
THE OUTING	Old Angel
THE BEN MARTIN BAND(W)	Jazz. Hippo

wednesday 4th

SLAV TO THE RHYTHM	£5/3.50 8.15pm Arboretum Manor
OLD SCHOOL	Free, Derby Blues Club, The Bell Hotel
THE ANTHILL MOB	£1 The Where House
'A'-madeus BAND	Adm. 1 photo-booth snap. Old Angel
"BOUNCE" with DIY DJs PEZZ and JACK	£2 Leicester, The Fan Club
MIRROR SESSION	The Yorker
EVERY NEW DEAD GHOST	Narrow Boat

THE OUTING Hippo
thursday 5th

THE JOURNEY MEN	Mansfield, The Talbot
OLD SCHOOL	Mansfield, The Plough
STAK IT UP THE LEMONS	BBC
NO RIGHT TURN	Running Horse
SUCH PERFECT LIARS	Narrow Boat
SCHEME	Britannia Inn
VIBES	Old Angel
SCUM PUPS BIVOUC TUNNEL FRENZIES	HGF

friday 6th

MARSHALL'S LAW	Hippo
WHOLESOME FISH	Old Angel
OLD SCHOOL	Running Horse
Sounds of The BLUES BROTHERS	"Gimme Some Lovin'" Tour Black Orchid
DOWN TO EARTH	Narrow Boat
COLIN STAPLES BLUES BAND(W)	Britannia Inn
SWINGING AFFAIR	Old Angel
DEGREE 33	HGF

saturday 7th

MOSES	N'ampton funk. Hippo
DOWNFALL	Old Angel
SALLY BARKER & THE RHYTHM	Netherfield, Holgate Theatre
CORRUPTION	The Yorker
THE NAVIGATORS	Lunch Running Horse
BLESSED RAIN	Eve. Runing Horse
FAITH	Narrow Boat
SUBSTANDARD	Peterboro', The Shamrock Club
PETE DONALDSON'S BLUES BAND	Britannia Inn
CARCASS	Poly
CONTROL	Mansfield, The Village

sunday 8th

SERIOUS LOVE ADDICTS	Hucknall, Lord Byron
MIDNIGHT POACHERS	Lunch Running Horse
MARCEL MARCEAU	Eve. Running Horse

monday 9th

NOSFERATU	Leicester, Princess Charlotte
SANDKINGS MACHINE GUN FEEDBACK	The Where House
MARTHA REEVES & THE VANDELLAS	£7.95 adv. Ritzy
HALLELUJAH FRICTION	Bobby Browns

tuesday 10th

UK SUBS	£3.50 Where House
BEYOND THE OBVIOUS	Old Angel
ABK	Running Horse
GASP	Jacey's Bar
KELLY'S HEROES	Britannia
SKA-BOOM	Bobby Browns

wednesday 11th

RAZOR BLADE SEX	Mansfield, The Folkhouse
SKA-BOOM	£1.50 The Where House
STUART WALDEN & THE "A" BAND with some Wholesome Fish.	"Live Peace in Toronto" £1 HGF
TYRANNIS HUMAN CRISIS	Narrow Boat
Sounds of The BLUES BROTHERS	Gimme some more Lovin' Leicester, Crystals
WHOLESOME FISH	Hippo
THE SAW DOCTORS	£6 adv. Rock City
COLIN STAPLES	Free Derby Blues Club The Bell Hotel
"SHANA SOUND"	Disco, Cabaret and Magic 9.30 till 1.30 SKYY

thursday 12th

FLOORED ZEN ARCADE	Old Angel
"TWITCH" SOUND SYSTEM featuring Stock, Hausen & Walkman	HGF
MY DOG HAS NO NOSE	Running Horse
DR. FEELGOOD	The Where House
REDHOUSE	Narrow Boat
SHAMUS O'BIVION & THE MEGADEATH MORRIS MEN	Britannia Inn
HUD	Salutation Inn
FAITH	Mansfield, The Plough
Sounds of The BLUES BROTHERS	Derby, Pink Coconut
RENDEZVOUS	Mansfield, The Talbot

friday 13th

RED ABOUT CHICAGO	Hippo
BIG JOE LOUIS & HIS BLUES KINGS	Swamp 2, Railway Inst. Derby
WHOLESOME FISH SWINGING AFFAIR	Arboretum Manor
LEFT HAND THREAD	Running Horse
NEVER SAY DIE	The Yorker
THE WONDER STUFF	£10 adv. Leicester, Granby Hall
CHERRY FOREVER	Narrow Boat
SKA-BOOM	Old Angel

saturday 14th

BUG HURT ILLINOIS	very silly party for very silly Buggers. Old Angel
PIG TOWN FLING	Trad. Celt. Holgate Theatre
MIDWAY STILL	The Where House
THE NAVIGATORS	Lunch Running Horse
THIN NOT FAT	Eve. Running Horse
NEW MODEL ARMY	£9 adv. Leicester, De Montford
STAK IT UP	Hippo

sunday 15th

SKA-BOOM	The Where House
VIVIAN STANSHALL	Bobby Browns "Fetch me another Boy Scout"
ABK	Lunch Running Horse
HARRY AND THE CRABS	Eve. R. Horse
PAUL YOUNG	Royal Concert Hall
BAY CITY ROLLERS	£5 adv. Rock City
KELLY'S HEROES	Bobby Browns

monday 16th

SHAM 69 999	£6 adv. Rock City
THE LURKERS	
BEYOND THE OBVIOUS	Jacey's Bar
RED ABOUT CHICAGO	Running Horse
THE FARM	£9 adv. Derby, Assembly Rooms
RIKI & THE RAVERS	Narrow Boat
MURRAY THOMSON	Britannia Inn
DOW JONES	Nottm Evening Postt Childline Appeal MGM

tuesday 17th

"HEADLINES"	Poetry Evening. Old Angel
THE ANDI TINSEL BAND	BBC

wednesday 18th

ONE-EYED JACKS	Hippo
LEATHERFACE OI POLLOI	£3.50 The Where House
SMITH & JONES	Derby, Bell Hotel
400 NAMES "A" BAND	Narrow Boat £2 HGF
MAGIC FARAWAY TREE BAND SHEEP WITH ATTITUDE	Bizarre.
SQUEEZE	£10 adv. RCH
GASP	Old Angel
STAK IT UP	HGF

thursday 19th

SELECTER	Where House
THE HOUDINIS	Running Horse
LIBRETTO	Narrow Boat
SCHEME	Britannia
SON OF...	Hippo
400 NAMES	Mansfield, The Talbot
SUCH PERFECT LIARS	The Plough

friday 20th

SERIOUS LOVE ADDICTS WEIRDBEARD	Xmas Party Part 1 Old Angel
WHOLESOME FISH	HGF
R CAJUN & THE ZYDECO BROTHERS	Swamp
THE NEW CRANES	The Where House
THE HEALERS	Running Horse
GOOD FOR NOTHING	Narrow Boat
THE JAZZ JUNIORS	Free Edwalton Hall
WICKED WHISKY	Hippo

saturday 21st

WULLIZ BULLIZ	The Where House
HUD MAGIC FARAWAY TREE BAND	The Yorker
THE NAVIGATORS	lunch. Running Horse
BOURBON BLUES BAND	Eve. Running Horse
Sounds of The BLUES BROTHERS	£3 before 11pm. MGM
THE LEMONS	Narrow Boat
PETE DONALDSON'S BLUES BAND	Britannia Inn
CRUNCHBIRD JELLYBABY	Xmas Party Part 2. Old Angel
THE ACCELERATORS	Hippo

sunday 22nd

THE ONE-EYED JACKS	The Where House
RAY PERRY	Contemporary singer/songwriter; lunch Running Horse
TONY CROSBY'S STRANGER BLUE	Eve. Running Horse
BEN MARTIN BAND	Hippo
TREEHOUSE THE RIBBON TEARS	Xmas Party Part 3 Old Angel
YEAH JAZZ	Where House
Sounds of The BLUES BROTHERS	Valentino's, Stoke on Trent

monday 23rd

MARCEL MARCEAU	Hippo
MIDNIGHT POACHERS	Running Horse
KELLY'S HEROES	Britannia Inn
JETSTREAM WHISKY	Mansfield, The Talbot
BURLESQUE	tbc The Plough

tuesday 24th

CRUNCHBIRD SLA VIBES	The First "Overall There is a Smell of Fried Onions" Annual Celebration. Tickets £3. 8pm-2am Bobby Browns Cafe
TREEHOUSE	Hippo
TROPICAL FISH INVASION	Derby, The Where House
MARCEL MARCEAU	Running Horse

friday 27th

BELZEBUB	Holgate Theatre
THE NAVIGATORS	lunch Running Horse
THREE SECOND RULE	Eve. Running Horse
THE BIG TOGETHER CLUB	Hippo
GARY ROBERTS	Lunch Running Horse
HARRY & THE CRABS	Eve Running Horse

saturday 28th

THE NAVIGATORS	lunch Running Horse
THREE SECOND RULE	Eve. Running Horse
THE BIG TOGETHER CLUB	Hippo

sunday 29th

GARY ROBERTS	Lunch Running Horse
HARRY & THE CRABS	Eve Running Horse
NO RIGHT TURN	The Where House
THE JAZZ JUNIORS	Free. Livingston's

tuesday 31st

WHOLESOME FISH	Floorbender Old Angel
ABK	Running Horse
KELLY'S HEROES	Britannia Inn

fried circuit - fried circuit - fried circuit - fried

"CAJUN HOGMANY" Swamp Club

THE OUTRIDERS Hippo

Happy New Year

friday 3rd

CRY Mansfield, The Plough
THE CASBAHS Hippo

OLD SCHOOL Running Horse

saturday 4th

THE NAVIGATORS Lunch Running Horse

JET STREAM WHISKY Eve. Running Horse

sunday 5th

DRAGON WHEELS Lunch. Running Horse

STUMBLE BROS. Eve. Running Horse

tuesday 7th

THE BEN MARTIN BAND(W) Hippo

MIDNIGHT POACHERS R. Horse

wednesday 8th

BALLON CANDLES Old Angel

DREAMTIME Hippo

thursday 9th

BEYOND THE OBVIOUS Old Angel

NEVER SAY D!E Mansfield, The Plough

RED ABOUT CHICAGO R. Horse

friday 10th

SERIOUS LOVE ADDICTS HGF

FROM 1932 Old Angel

STEAMHOUSE Hippo

JACKNIFE Narrow Boat

AND THEN SOME.

on y va qui mal y danse

sundays

"FUTURE PRIMITIVE" Venus

"HAPPY SUNDAYS" Late Chuckles
Rendezvous Bar

mondays

"LIVE JAZZ" with TONY COFIE Cookie Club

"RETRO" DJ GED Hippo

"GATE" Best Independent Music
KoolKat

"STUDENT NIGHT" Allsorts Black Orchid

ALTERNATIVE NIGHT The Rockhouse

tuesdays

"SERVE CHILLED" Mellow dance choons with
DIY DJs bio-energy cookie club

"TICKLE" two rooms of Nottingham's
finest Kool Kat

"HIPSHAKER" DJ GARY S. Hippo

"STUDENT NIGHT" dj Bill Ritzy

"THE WALL" Building is completed. MGM

"STRANGERS IN THE DIVE" jazz. HGF

"THE GROOVE FACTORY" Valentino's

wednesdays

"INSPIRATION" from SKYY
DJs TRUTH, TRADE and BAD BOY T.

"BOP, LOOK & LISTEN" cookie club
to DJ PABLO

"TRASHY" starring T-Cut and The Van
with Punky Pete. Kool Kat

"JAZZ PARTY" with HGF
SWINGING AFFAIR

"CRUNCH" with L-shaped music. BBC
DJs CRUNCH & TURBO

"STUDENT NIGHT" Hippo
DJ GARY M.

"SKIVE" The Factory

thursdays

BPI Bulbadelic and Psychotronic
BPI

"SCRATCH" Students at the Kool Kat

"UP TEMPO" Hippo
with DJs MATT & GRIFF

"FLY TRAP" Venus
with DJ TINTIN (Hacienda)

"BLESSINGS" Cookie club
from DJ LINDA(Night with No Name)

"THE RESURRECTION" Alternative Nite
Hollywood Nights

"HEAVEN AND HELL" New York New York

"STUDENT NIGHT" Big Bad Rock City

"SPECIALIST MUSIC NIGHT" BBC

"CHAMELEON" The Blue Note

fridays

THUNDERBIRDS ARE GO! 5.30pm
till 2am BBC

The weekend starts here

broadway

d e c e m b e r

Sun	1	Adventures Of Buraikan (15)	6.00
Sun	1	Edward II (18)	8.30
Mon	2	Jungle Fever (18)	6.00/8.30
Tues	3	Jungle Fever (18)	6.00/8.30
Wed	4	Everybody's Fine (12) Chinatown (15) - OFB	6.00/8.30 7.30
Thur	5	Everybody's Fine (12) Chinatown (15) - OFB	6.00/8.30 7.30
Fri	6	The Two Jakes (18) 1871 (15) - OFB	6.00/8.30 7.30
Sat	7	The Two Jakes (18) 1871 (15) - OFB	6.00/8.30 7.30
Sun	8	Monster In A Box (12) The Two Jakes (18)	3.30/6.00 8.15
Mon	9	The Two Jakes (18)	6.00/8.30
Tues	10	The Two Jakes (18)	6.00/8.30
Wed	11	City Of Hope (15) Monster In A Box (12) - OFB	6.00/8.30 7.30
Thur	12	City Of Hope (15) Monster In A Box (12) - OFB	6.00/8.30 7.30
Fri	13	City Of Hope (15) I, The Worst Of All (15) - OFB	6.00/8.30 7.30
Sat	14	City Of Hope (15) I, The Worst Of All (15) - OFB	6.00/8.30 7.30
Sun	15	The Four Feathers (U) City Of Hope (15)	3.30/6.00 8.30
Mon	16	City Of Hope (15)	6.00/8.30
Tues	17	Rhapsody In August (U)	6.00/8.15
Wed	18	Rhapsody In August (U) Chattahoochee (15) - OFB	6.00/8.15 7.30
Thur	19	Mortal Thoughts (15) Chattahoochee (15) - OFB	6.00/8.15 7.30
Fri	20	Mortal Thoughts (15) Chattahoochee (15) - OFB	6.00/8.15 7.30
Sat	21	Mortal Thoughts (15) Chattahoochee (15) - OFB	6.00/8.15 7.30
Sun	22	Edward Scissorhands (PG)	3.30/6.00 & 8.15
Mon	23	Edward Scissorhands (PG)	6.00/8.15
Tues	24	Christmas Eve - Closed	
Wed	25	Christmas Day - Closed	
Thur	26	Boxing Day - Closed	
Fri	27	Valmont (15)	5.45/8.30
Sat	28	Valmont (15)	5.45/8.30
Sun	29	Valmont (15)	5.45/8.30
Mon	30	Valmont (15)	5.45/8.30
Tues	31	New Year's Eve - Closed	

box office (0602) 412536



December 1st
• Rory Motion
• John Thompson

December 8th
XMAS FINALE
Wholesome Fish (Back from Ireland) • Geoff Green • Mark Lamar • Xmas Pantomime featuring Mr Chung

★ plus dj Pablo every week

Nottingham Creates
December 12th • VIBES
+ many more £1.50

7.30pm at the RENDEZVOUS BAR
(open til midnight) above Mr Chung's, Canning Circus.
admission £3 (£2)

Midweek Mayhem

TUESDAY. Jacey's Bar. Energise! Warp Drive 5 set their controls and plot a course to become the bastard sons of the rock/dance crossover and immediately destroy the validity of categorising any band in that way. The ingenuous way the dynamic duo play off each other is a fairly accurate reflection of the current schizophrenia in live music as more groups get to grips with new technology. On the one hand Lizard hams it up as the rock guitarist while on the other Ju does the young raver bit with some neatly choreographed changes to the disk drive. Warp Drive 5 are building an integrated circuit of their own and while they could easily be accused of producing clichéd dance music with a gratuitous guitar accompaniment, this is one entertaining set. All they need are some visual FX and a singer to replace that flat nasal Midlands drone and they'll have a show. Meanwhile the Pet Shop Boys release 'DJ Culture', more raves are featuring live p.a.s and DJs refer to their appearances as "gigs".

Hitting The Wall.....
Yes, indeed, MGM's big plush mid-week dance that makes the Garvey on a Friday night look like a Youth Club. OVERALL got loads of stick for collaborating on this one but it has to be seen to be believed. This one "sells out" to two thousand "consumer units known as Ravers" each and every week. The logistics of it work something like this. Why pay £15 for five hours in a sweatbox when you can get four hours of BIG TIME for a quid? Aw, don't tell me you've got to go to work in the morning. An all-nighter in this place would be something else. Anyway, an hour of armchair raving later and it's off to the confines of the Cookie Club, truly a "boite" if ever there was one. The Serve Chilled Crew are laying on the grooviest midweek scene since "Dizzy" at the Stork Club (R.I.P.) and such Timeless Tuesdays as DiY have provided for us during the winter months at both ends of 1991 have more than compensated for being skint at the weekend. Tonight I am introduced to the Bio- Energizer, a small piece of equipment thoughtfully provided for our further delectation and delight. Rob Sirius is 'on hand' to explain. "Developed from the theories of Wilhelm Reich, discoverer of Orgone Energy, it's custom built so you can't buy one from a shop. A multiple wave oscillator generates an omnidirectional field to a radius of fifteen feet, emitting one to one million hertz frequency simultaneously. This includes waves like radio and electrosatatic. It runs off a twelve volt

supply and it's portable. The contact plate on top is plastic so there is no direct contact with electricity. It's a generated charge. Negative Orgone Energy is carried at fifty to sixty hertz i.e. domestic and industrial electricity supply which is mildly detrimental to human beings. For example, camping under a pylon. Positive Orgone Energy is an attempt to offset the effect of the usual frequencies experienced in normal daily life."

So, positive energy on tap, about fifteen people are sitting on the floor holding hands or touching finger tips, pumping energizing juice through every open circuit, fizzing and sparking in an unashamed display of Do-it-Yourself good vibes. Ever the intrepid reporter I join in. Sucking the finger of the person on my right reminds me of the battery-tasting parties we used to have at school. On top of everything else tonight I can't say for sure that I've been Bio-energized, and judging from the shape of some of the faces here tonight nor can they, but everyone seems to get off on touching each other so what the hell. Tuesdays are Top entertainment. I think I'll move Sunday to Wednesday and work the day after Saturday instead of being bored.

Wednesday: A funny thing happened on the way to the Hippo.....

Arrive on Bridlesmith Gate to find a dishevelled and confused crowd outside the Hippo. Didn't realise Tabitha Zu were so popular. So many in fact that the police have been called to quell angry rioters..ers..er apparently there's a bong scare. The entire contents of the Hip-hip-hoo-Hippo have been disgorged to the cold night while the Old Bill search for the offending instrument. (Not a pretty sight). It is suggested that the promoters of a rival night-club, unable to hand out flyers inside have phoned in a hoax to get everyone outside to be hit with the full force of their promotional power. Honestly, the lengths to which some people will go! Still it was the most animated crowd ever seen waiting to enter the club.

Once inside we all searched avidly for the bong but it was nowhere to be seen. I wonder....?

Anyway, Bloody Kev and Bloody Tim kept the freezing folk entertained with a spot of Bloody Busking till the all clear was sounded. As for Tabitha Zu, they are

well rock 'n' roll, dressed up and made up like characters from a punky love-child's nursery, they don't pull their punches, bassist Phil dives through a moshing Pod Squad of Bloody Lovely like tomorrow ain't Bill's birthday. The sirene voice of Mel herself cuts through the smoky atmosphere of the Hiprestaurant like a diamond smuggled from a South African mine. The majority of sedentary gits are petrified into sweating their young cool into their expensive drinks. Nothing like a bit of adrenalin ey, Boris?

Overall there is a smell of polyurethane spray paint.....

There's more than a good Crunch happening down Chaplin's tonight. Graffitiist Dak is happily covering the walls with the pungency of a Brain specialist. The thundering beat from the main room is given some top end by the shaker's little beads of steel keeping the paint lucid. Discussions of wellies in quarries and dank dancers mixed with "Have you ever heard of Vitamin K don't swallow it, just add milk". Everyone seems to know the best drugs to take but no-one knows how to take it. Ha! Anyway it's a considered privelege to witness the work of such an accomplished graffiti artist 'in flagrante delicto' (that's 'red-handed' for the linguistically ignorant) but in this case it's more delight than fragrant. Still the higher you fly the deeper you go and all that.

Thursday: Bulbatronic and Psychedelic.

Doubtless one of the most attractive venues of it's size has suddenly gone live and I suspect it will be hosting some historical gigs in the near future. Provocative backdrops and non-specific music from a DJ deserving some respect - rave cut by contemporary pop, rave cut by Undertones of Teenage Kicks keeps a lot of people happy and doesn't clash at all.

Twentieth Century decadence or should that be centuriance. Not the aeonance of Dance Culture but Dizzy sends me back in time (to Ritzy's last month) and makes me feel giddy again. The Carpet in BPI is made up of minute particles of space debris from a recently atomised satellite. But salvation is at hand in the form of 'Our lips are sealed'. This is fun, boy. It doesn't matter what I say, no-one listens anyway. At last, a nostalgia that's as fresh as choose your own drink.

MAIN ATTRACTIONS DECEMBER

- 1st
Moose
- 9th
**Sand Kings
Machine Gun
Feedback**
- 10th
**UK Subs
Excrement of War**
- 11th & 15th
Ska-Boom
- 12th
Dr. Feelgood
- 18th
**Leatherface
Oi Polloi**
- 19th
Selecter
- 20th
**The New Cranes
Egyptian Kings**

FRIARGATE DERBY : 0332 381169

BLESSINGS

Thursday nightin'
Indie playin'
Cheapdoubles drinkin'

COOKIECLUBBERS

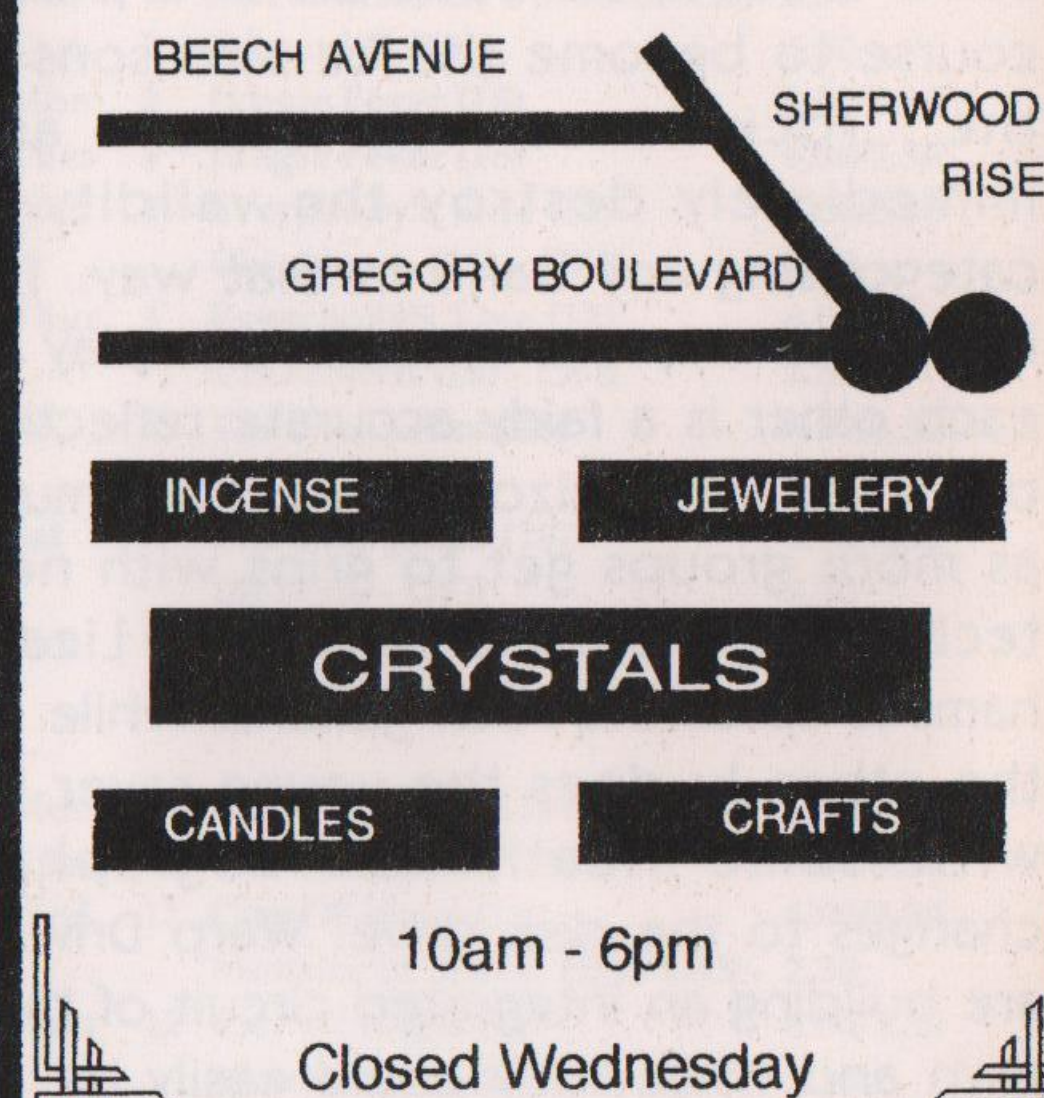
DJ Lynda (Night with No Name)
£1.50 admission, starts 11pm
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Fried Alive

CARDIACS: Rock City Disco II

A few years back, I was on the way to a gig at the Bull and Gate in Kentish Town which is virtually next door to the Town and Country Club. Outside the T&C was a huge queue consisting of the most diverse set of punters I'd seen in a while. All these people had crawled out of the woodwork to see the Cardiacs.

Turning up at Rock City on a filthy Thursday night I'm once again faced with a massive queue. Surely the Cardiacs aren't this popular in Nottingham? Nah, it's Student Night and judging by some of the loud-mouthed knobheads I'm sharing pavement space with it's not surprising that some people despise students. Snippets of conversation: "I'm really hard I am", "Who are these Cardiacs anyway? Are they anything like the Levellers?", "I got sooo stoned last night". Oh, for an AK47. To make matters worse there's a power cut and the queue's moving extremely slowly. I almost feel like screaming "I only want to see the fucking band!". Still the power's restored and I finally get in after nearly an hour.

Eventually through a haze of smoke and strobelight on come the mighty Cardiacs. Guitarist/Singer Tim Smith now sports long straggly hair and as the set progresses he starts to resemble MeatLoaf. They're down to a four-piece now, having niftily stuck on tape the sax and keyboards of yore. The music! If you've never seen or heard this band before it's fairly difficult to describe what they do. Kind of early Punk meets Progressive rock or hardcore mixed up with loads of tempo changes. The sound shoots off at tangents all over the place, just as soon as you've latched on to one 'idea' they're hurtling off into space with another. Occasionally a bit of XTC or Van Der Graaf Generator sneaks into the sound, but basically they're very original: it's their own thing. It feels like 1977 again as I pogo around ecstatically. They play a hefty amount of new stuff which bodes well for a new album, tracks off 'On Land and in the Sea' and a brace of oldies including 'Big Ship' and the almost-a-hit 'Is this the Life'. Huge epic songs both, neither as quirky as the rest of the set. Visually they come across as a bunch of crazed college lecturers who've decided to form a band in their spare time. All too soon the set closes, but they encore with the demented 'To Go Off and Things' and that's it.

I haven't enjoyed a gig so much in a long

time. One of the best bands in the country? Probably. The most underrated band in the country? Definitely.

Rich

CRUNCHBIRD: Polytechnic

For both the band and the assembled audience in the crowded Poly Bar, tonight was definitely the 'crunch' time as far as the band and the burgeoning Nottingham funk scene was concerned. Yes, it was that important.

As Martin Crunch informed us, the crowd, and quite often the stage, consisted of various members of Dr Egg, Stak it Up, Solomon, Weirdbeard, Fred Smith etc, etc, which proved the existence of a so-called 'scene' that extends beyond bands watching bands, purely because of the absolute numbers attending. Albeit on a free night, what Crunchbird also achieved was to demonstrate their prominent position within this culture by attracting and impressing such a large audience.

The playing was immaculate, the rhythms tight, and the set interesting due to intelligent and controlled percussive changes that accompanied rises and falls in sound and intensity. The styles and rhythms may seem repetitive at times but the audiences attention was held by both the complexity of layers that constitute Crunchbird's sound, and also the friendly encouragement of singer Martin who excelled himself in polite persuasion to enjoy and get involved.

This was an important pointer for Nottingham. As somebody famous, with more than his fair share of influence on this music, once said "Get up, get into it and get involved". I suggest you do... but I would say that wouldn't I?

P W Beard

MOONFLOWERS Derby Warehouse

Transported to earth on a sixties timedate, the Moonflower's particles were scattered through time collecting endless tales and flavours from days of yore. Atomised, they soaked up a groovy duel between hypnotic spaced rhythm and a "love one another" vibe,

set phasers on divvy and beamed Bristolward only to find they had inverted the six in the sixties and arrived in the nineties. Confused, scruffy but elated they set about indulging themselves in a feast of fresh vegetables and observation, bought a ticket to a rave and set about creating their otherworldly groovedive in a way that a nineties human might understand. They gave us invigorating, refreshing challenges to reject our predetermined attitudes to live music. forced us to hold hands with our neighbours, dance the moonjig, "get higher" and be divvies. They played us a sub space rendition of "Armageddon Time" and you felt rejuvenated in the knowledge that these time travellers were more than just dodgy revivalists, they had gained a more accurate vision of the current times than most of the other bands currently doing the rounds. The Moonflowers take history, present and past and mix it up into a mass of contradictions, like a hype that never happened. But Derby, poor Derby folk were never the greatest time travellers. Movement always seems to have rendered this town sick, so instead of hopping on board the groovy voyage to peyote button moon the audience sat and stared.

Some took up the challenge to fly and were embraced, others muttered words like "Hawkwind". Have we really become so blinded that our vision cannot surpass our own record collections? Look beyond the obvious, see between the lines and you'll know that the Moonflowers are more than just a bunch of useless hippies.

Martin Crunch

OBERON: Old Angel

When goth started to lose momentum it began to throw up various possibilities; remain true to the original, if a little tired, spirit and forever be seen as merely a pastiche, follow the heavy metal path currently favoured by the Sisters of Mercy, join the industrial wagon or simply carry on the mystic twaddle championed by insipid groups like The Mission and All About Eve. Oberon may well fall neatly into the final category on a mysticism level, thankfully however, they bare no resemblance on a musical level. But it's easy to see how they might do. The Mission indulge in a peculiar brand of music which would once, in times of yore, have been branded 'pomp rock'.

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Fried Alive

A musical genre with classical pretensions indulging in grandiose chord structures, clever guitar/keyboard flourishes and an over-developed sense of the crescendo. Oberon aspire to this type of crap, the Enid T-Shirt gives the game away, the structures give it away as do the keyboard arpeggios (favoured by the likes of Rick Wakeman). Thankfully Oberon are not able to achieve this height (?) possibly due to lack of ability, maybe through lack of understanding. Whatever it is, it's precisely where they fall short that makes them so good. As they are unable to attain the sound which would make them mere copyists they present a power driven post-punk assault embellished with imaginative instrumentation. Thus they come over as Killing Joke meet Twelfth Night at a Medieval joust. Pompous yet down to earth, hard on the outside but soft in the middle. Boasting a keyboard player/singer with an unusually intensive charisma but I sincerely hope they don't ever master their instruments! Naive ambition is by far preferable to smug self-realised ability.

Martin Crunch

WHOLESONE FISH Whelan's, Dublin. 24th November

There's nothing new about hayseed ragamuffins, you find them everywhere you go, anywhere in the world. But this amiable? This entertaining? This proficient at their musical craft?

Better still this is no idle rattle-taggle or iddly-biddly folk. It draws on both admittedly, but then spices the pot with a few heaped spoonfuls of Cajun and a handful of safety pins and tosses it on the front burner with a blow-torch to its bottom.

'Baby-O' opens with Paul's snare and floor-tom rattling away as if it knows that one day it will grow up to be a full kit, while Tricky on bass launches bobbling lines and trips out a shuffling dance that will only end when the night is exhausted. Fiddle and accordion blend together at the top end and the dust begins to fly.

'Cat Sick 2-Step' and the audience is starting to simmer. Tim's 5-string banjo is twanging its heart out through 'Seven

and a half Crippled Chickens' and the attitude of these Fish has become patently clear, 'let it go and don't care if you let it show'!

And they just melt together as a unit. An accordian and violin air is launched into heavenly chaos in 'Tom's Contredanse' and the boy Shotter hunches over his triangle beating as if the whole war depends on his efforts. That's what is essential and refreshing about this band, everybody pulls their weight.

But that is by no means all. Suddenly your ears prick up and, no it can't be...Motorhead's 'Ace of Spades'? You'd better believe it! Followed by the extended dance mix of 'Flop-Eared Mule' and a truly inspiring Shotter-hosted 'Anarchy in the UK'.

Cooked to perfection these Fish. What a feast.

Bunty

SPEEDBALL : Narrowboat

In which the Mohican Magoo P.A. was pushed to the utmost limits and screamed for mercy. The audience were warned to stand back (makes a change from those twee urges to dance 'come a little closer, we don't bite'). Well Speedball bite hard so look out. The wax in these two ears packed its bags and headed up Wilford St, signing deafly for the Motorway.

Consuming alcohol by volume is one thing, but this is ridiculous. Apart from slight adjustments to the guitar effects pedal in order to elicit some finely pitched distortion, Speedball don't rely on effects. The engineer used the whole P.A. in a display of controlled feedback that scoured any of the more stubborn remnants of wax from the inner ears of an altogether wary audience. If Speedball were visiting from across the Atlantic, they'd have an automatic audience for their pneumatic assaults. Still, maybe they all chartered a space shuttle to listen to the gig from a fall-out shelter on a neighbouring planet. (Is that ringing in my ears or is it Barry phoning to complain from his bunker beneath the Sal?)

Formed in 1990, Speedball are a 3 piece from Gotham City, who have confined their merciless onslaught to selected venues around the country, managing to

dodge most attempts to put them into the obvious Black Sabbath/sub-pop category. The Heavy Goods gridlock displayed tonight defies categorisation, even 'good' or 'bad'. How about Loud As Fuck!

Christine Chapel

TREEHOUSE : Rock City

10.15 on a Saturday night and I fear for Treehouse - the Saturday night slot at Disco II has long been synonymous/notorious for providing a platform for bands who generally consist of four black-clad, anaemic undeads, fronted by some balding anorexic 35 year old, who together take great delight in ritually slaughtering the entire black catalogue of Play Dead. Now having previously seen Treehouse, I knew that this would be the last thing the crowd would be getting. True, the vocalist wore black and true they did come on to a sea of dry ice; but here the similarities well and truly ended. First off I noticed the band had parted company with their backing singer, but more importantly, I realised within 30 seconds of their opening salvo that their balls (metaphorically speaking) had dropped! Sledgehammer powerchords, intelligent use of feedback (if that's possible) and almost rave-ish use of the keyboards combined to provide an explosive cocktail of aural confection. Midway through the set and the band had definitely got a result - how else can you explain a dancefloor grooving to the sound of a medley of T.V. sports themes?! (I kid you not!)

Post man(i)c power pop? Call it what you like, but Treehouse have added some serious muscle to their previously undernourished frame and by the time they finish off with a suitably mental version of "Sympathy for the Devil", the place has become a mass of hair, arms and importantly smiling faces, 'woo-woooing' as one.

So to sum up - I suggest you forget shoe-gazing and take up stargazing courtesy of Treehouse - a band whose naked ambition and confidence/arrogance means that there will always be plenty of people waiting to shoot then down. But then that's the beauty of Treehouse, because when you're that good you don't have to give a toss about whose pulling the trigger.

Terry W

Fried Alive

WORLD OF TWIST : Poly

Arriving upon a slash glittering sea of adulation and good old fashioned hype (we may not believe it but we still lap it up) World of Twist burst forth from the self-styled Quality Street tin and promised a new era of 'magic moments'. A multi layered stage complete with remnants from an old Pink Floyd set, giant circular film screen and showering curtains of roman candles no less, presented not only a refreshing change from the usual but has a budding starlet within' days of the New Romantics (hands up all of you blushing people whose cupboards hide that frilly shirt once worn with pride). World of Twist may come on like the self proclaimed 'Sons of the Stage' but they exit like sons of Phil Oakey. WOT present a surface image of unusual gimmickry. The groovy rhythms washes, of echoed guitars and moog synths suggest a juxtaposition of the present and the past, however its a history they have little understanding of, thus instead of using all that they borrow to good effect they merely present a scrapbook of tarnished ideas rendering them oddly static, never actually getting anywhere. However, like all B movie starlets what we see and hear is only a manipulation. Like the talentless performer who employs a ghost writer to make his/her boring existence seem interesting in the obligatory auto biography, WOT's giant screen serves not only to project the 'right' images to create a sense of mystery, but also to conceal a ghost musician (a real mystery) busily pushing disks in to the sampler, playing all of the 'difficult' keyboard bits and generally looking far more visual than the cardboard cut-out non personalities on stage. As history has too often shown what you see is not what you get! World of Twist are merely greasy haired, spotty faced glamour repackaging an old sound with an old idea. Perhaps they're better suited to marketing!

Martin Crunch

CARTER THE UNSTOPPABLE SEX MACHINE : Rock City

Take yourself back in time to the first time you heard 'Sheriff Fatman'. That time for me was 1989; a time that will stay with me for ever. From the first time I saw them live I knew there was no other band like Carter. They were always going to be massive even if they didn't seem to think so themselves.

This has been Carter's year - a number eight LP, two top forty hits, two sell-out tours, Johnathon King, Front Covers, the Byron House gig, EMF at ULU, Wembley, Brixton, Europe, the USA, Japan and of course the ubiquitous T-shirts gracing even the Kilroy show.

So have Carter been changed by all this? No. It seems that they have just become popular whilst their ideals have remained the same. They deserve everything they can get; their fans can be justly proud of them. Without a sign of 'sell-out' Carter have got their success on their own terms.

Tonight anyone with half a musical brain is here to see two old gits called Jim Bob and Fruitbat. The venue is heaving; the gig sold out weeks ago. Outside the touts are having a field day; tickets change hands for £25. The dancefloor is awash with Carter branded youth, faces alive in recognition of a shared experience repeated all across the country. The Senseless things come and go; all await The Sex Machine.

Carter arrive on stage to a feverish reception. Headfirst into 'Surfin USM' and the crowd explode. Tonight everything goes right. The atmosphere is raw, rough and exciting. Bulbs flash. A ninety minute cocktail of light, sound and movement ensues; anthems for a nation - 'Rubbish', 'Midnight on the Murder Mile', 'Bloodsport For All', 'After the Watershed' and of course 'Sheriff Fatman'.

Too soon it's all over. No other British band can do this to an audience. Carter are in their own league. Rock City saw tonight what the faithful have known for ages.. Carter are one of the best bands in the world. Soon the whole world will know. And all from two old men from South London.

Sid

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PERFORMANCE / INSTALLATION

JORDAN MCKENZIE: 'FROM OBEDIENCE TO AUTHORITY'

Nottingham Castle Museum

In this chilling study of torture, the artist stands silent, shivering and naked on a small stage in large blacked-out room lit by a single spot-light aimed by his

'experimenter'. Occasionally the viewers are subjected to its interrogative glare and brought into the arena of psycho-destruction. One is left feeling exposed and vulnerable.

Our naked protagonist is surrounded by instruments of torture. A P.A. system sounds out a five-minute tape loop of endless futile pleas for the brutality to cease and a continuous macabre cycle of slide images from paradise to 'Nam projected on the back of a strait-jacket.

He seems hollow and shell-shocked, a shadow of his former self, resigned to whatever punishment his captors will mete out. His outward stillness belies a very personal microcosmic holocaust, barely perceptible to the dumb-struck American tourists and party of giggling school girls who happened to have been in the Castle that day; any unease felt by onlookers was further compounded by a sense of voyeurism.

Accompanying this spectacle was an extract of an interview with a G.I., who, with blind unquestioning obedience poured clip after clip into a group of innocent villagers from his M-16 "... you just spray the area on them, so you can't know how many you've killed cause they were goin' down so fast - might have killed ten or fifteen".

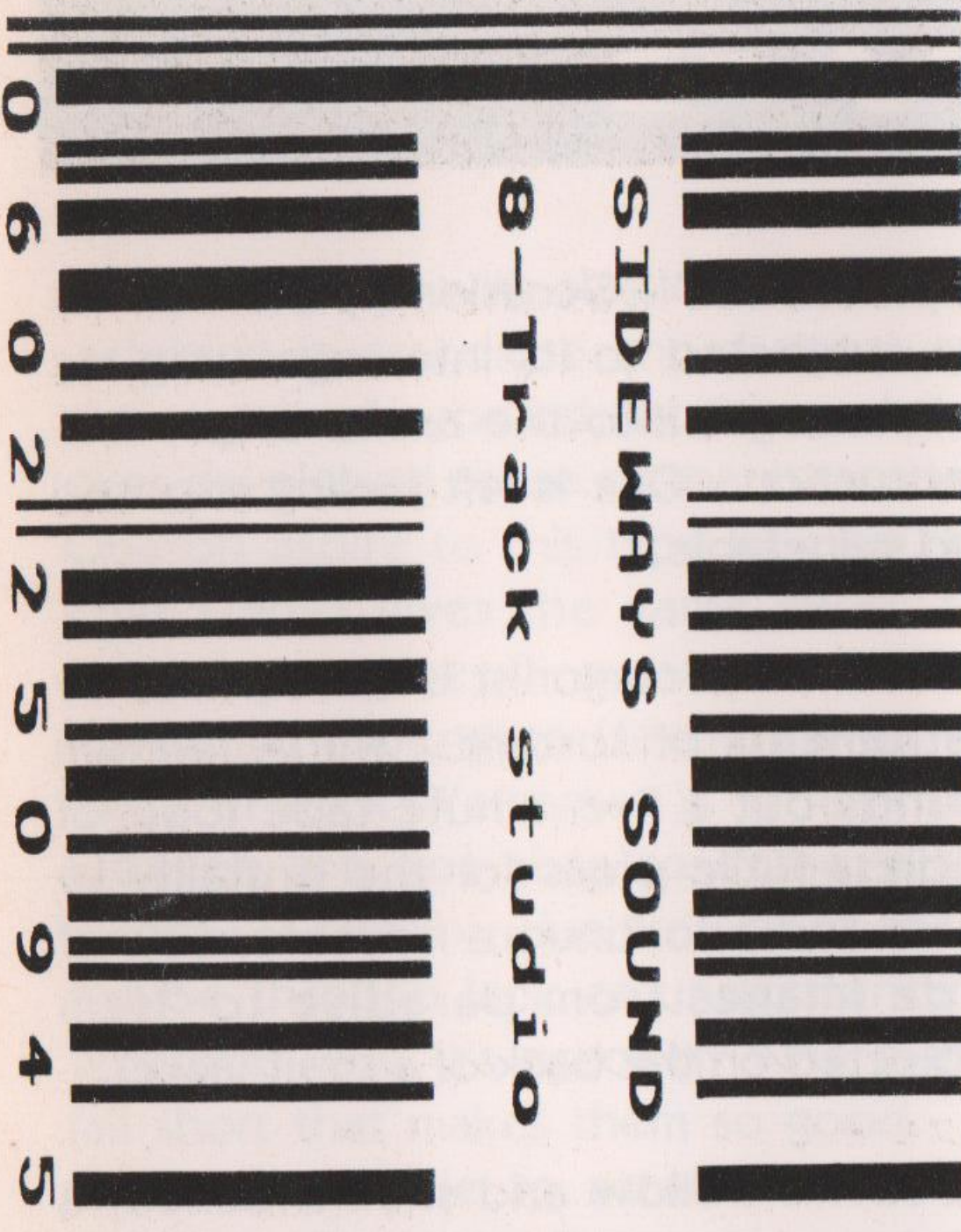
From Obedience To Authority was a grim and pessimistic foray into the dark side of the psyche, blurring the fine line between stupidity, fear, participation and dissent.

BUSHFIRE Bobby Browns Cafe

Six days before tonight it was inconceivable that a dub reggae band from Essex would play a gig at Bobby Browns, let alone get such a response. But faith can move mountains and the Bushfire was approaching anyway with a wind of change. Complete with sound system, backdrops, lighting and technicians, Bushfire didn't so much turn up and play; they inhabited the building for a night, setting up their impressive act across the whole of one side of the venue.

Building on the roots of reggae there began a steady upward spiral of sound sincerity and genuine good vibes towards which the grinning gradually

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Fried Alive

gravitated. There ensued a timeless trip, one crescendo after another of 'they-don't-make-them-like-this-any-more' dub, from a most observant group of musicians. Best attempt I've seen yet to set alight to Bobby's L-Shaped Disco.

Now I know what retro-ethnic means. Bushfire have proven two things. Firstly this place ought to decide on a shape and colour. Secondly, Bushfire do make feet dance, minds swim and knees wobble. Respect is due.

Christine Chapel

shades and they don't serve Pimms here. However, despite the name there are no bearded wierdos to be seen either. So just what is it all about?

Well as soon as they started playing, the revelations began: the singer showed no shame in his repeated use of the F*** word and even went so far as to declare that we had all entered the illicit funk zone.

He was not wrong. The music that Weirdbeard happily hand to you is a really grooving kind of F*** with something more; its roots are definitely in soul. Revelation number two: Nottingham has actually got soul and weirdbeard make you believe it.

As a group, the jigsaw puzzle of musical styles fits together perfectly. The percussion especially the bongos made the linking of guitar, bass and drums even stronger than the usual line up. With such solid musical foundations it is little wonder that Weirdbeard have every confidence to entertain.

In fact the singer makes a very good MC

as not once was the flow of dance tripped up. He has an amazing ability to sing as opposed to talking the introductions of the bands and the songs.

So as the crowd of sardines in this noisy tin were dancing with whistles and all, strutting the 'Funky Llama' thing, I stumbled (literally) across the wierdest revelation of the night...

The atmosphere was incredible. People were audibly enjoying themselves and smiling all night to prove it, even when I knocked other peoples' pints over and stood on their feet.

So, if you too want a piece of a strangely pacifist dancing utopia, Weirdbeard are the men to see. Then you too can impress your Funky friends by introducing them to the 'Funky Llama', THE dance to end all other dances.

SID

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Thankfully, my preconceptions of the avant garde were completely shattered upon walking in; it was too dark to wear

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Afterall

LIKE PUNK NEVER HAPPENED

Come To Nottingham - It's Like Punk Never Happened.....

Or at least were you to be unfortunate enough to arrive and find yourself amid the (ahem) 'local band scene' you could be forgiven for believing so. You would find yourself in a world where successive trends, technological advances, political upheavals and social developments are either ignored or taken as blueprint. Where the most urgent application of creative energies is in the search for the next person to blame, the next scapegoat. Where the most frequently used method of making yourself look good is by making everyone else look dreadful, and where imagination in others is simply another target for ridicule.

And the paranoia such techniques are bound to induce aside, if this seems all too familiar, maybe it's because what was intended as contentious provocation is in many cases not too far from the truth, so perhaps we should pretend that this is simply fiction.

Doing so avoids the possibility that constructive criticism be taken as damning insult, and allows detachment from the bland Karaoke of safe boundaries that stifles creativity. But, like so much good fiction, it needs a basis in fact. So while it's beyond doubt that record companies are wildly out of touch with reality (failed Nottingham musician excuse no.1), many of the bands round here are even more so. And while this area is all too often ignored (excuse no.2), that no one from Nottingham ever gets a record deal is probably news to, say, Subsonic Two or Whycliffe, who of course don't count because they use samples and haven't spent ten years plodding the local circuit (failed Nottingham musician excuse no.3).

The point is that it's a big nasty world out there, of which Nottingham's (sorry but here it is again) local band scene is

simply a small and insignificant part. And so it will remain as long as it continues to direct it's attention inwards, producing both self importance and insecurity, an isolated set of values and a downward quality spiral. Failed Nottingham musician excuse No.4 is that talent isn't what gets chart results, and they're often right, thus providing their own salvation. What's important is enthusiasm, imagination, encouragement and a willingness to take risks, all of which are currently all too readily ridiculed and undermined. A closed system encourages uniformity, when what's needed is individuality. Find that, and blaming others can be justified. Fail to, and you can only blame yourself.

Mark Spivey

THE QUEEN IS DEAD

In The Sunday Sport of 24th November the confirmation of Freddy Mercury having the AIDS virus vied for front cover space with the free Terry Waite tie-on beard designed to get you loads of free drinks in your local bought out of sympathy for having spent five years chained to a wall. Within hours Terry was hiding from the media hunting down the truth of his Oliver North links and Freddy was dead.

When the Queen / Freddy Mercury media machine chose to confirm the AIDS diagnosis on Saturday 23rd there was some hope that at last Freddy had responded to calls to make a stand on the AIDS issue, to use his fame and influence to persuade and educate others as to the risks and dangers of an un-protected lifestyle. Indeed the official announcement included a request to his fans to join him in the fight against AIDS; the disease and the mythology.

Whether the Great British Public would have seen a more out and open approach as merely confirmation of AIDS as a gay disease, another excuse to carry on as if condom were still a dirty word and free sex for all were a vision for nineties as it had supposedly been for

the sixties and the seventies is a matter for conjecture. It might have been, but then it might not have been and that is the point.

Counterpose Freddy's approach with that of 'Magic' Johnson and you see the point. 'Magic' has chosen to use whatever time he has left to encourage behaviour that he now recognises should have been his own. 'Magic' is aiming to destroy the myths of AIDS, to awaken the USA and the world to the realities of the threat to us all.

To many of us 'Magic' Johnson is just a US sports star, we don't really relate to him. But Freddy Mercury was much more than that. Love or hate the music, Freddy was an icon for over two decades for more than one generation of people all over the World. Whatever mud the tabloid press might have thrown there has to be every chance that anyone with a profile as prominent as The Great Pretender's would have been able to project such an important message through the mire. Freddy Mercury had the same chance to make a difference as 'Magic' Johnson. The basketball player has taken the chance and risen to the challenge the Rock Star so evidently avoided.

Freddy Mercury has been aware of his infection since 1985. He has spent the time since then making it easier for those close to him to enjoy their lives after his ended. It is alleged that there are another four Queen albums recorded (in the last two years) and awaiting release. Thus the future careers of the other members of the band are assured whilst they continue to build solo careers and the record company will rake in royalties ad infinitum.

How much of this was Freddy's choice and how much was just part of a wider marketing campaign? Certain record shops had prominent Queen 'Greatest Hits II' displays up within hours. Bohemian Rhapsody will undoubtedly be No.1 for Christmas. Will the Terence Higgins Trust see any of the proceeds? We hope so.

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